factories, brick kilns, lignite works. There are factories which turn out linen, hemp and jute, blankets and felt, pencils, artists' chalks, asbestos, jade, sugar and methylated spirit. There are canneries for fruit and vegetables, and workshops producing stucco supports from the reeds of the Neusiedler Lake.

BURGENLAND—THE GARDEN OF VIENNA.

Fruit, vegetables, grapes, the first early cherries, fresh lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, strawberries, apricots, tender french beans—the first, long dreamed harvest, doubly welcome after the winter, rolls in the spring towards the Vienna markets in a chain of high-piled lorries.

OGGAUER WINE.

In Oggau there is a Roman cemetery which dates back to the third or fourth century A. D., in the graves of which clay vessels have been found. Archaeologists say that these vessels contained the wine given to the dead to take with them on their journey to the other world. This calls for reflection. In those days every mortal expected that he would be served with nectar and ambrosia at the table of the gods. But the inhabitants of Oggau preferred to take with them their choicest wines rather than have to be dependent on the drinks of the gods.

Gustmus Ambrosi, the deaf sculptor, says of his Burgenland:

"How fortunate that I have travelled through the whole of Europe and have been able to drink in the splendour and magnificence of its many countries, with their thousand types of scenery, peculiarities and variations. Certainly it is nice to stay at home, but I felt the urge to get away and would have gone to the ends of the earth, disappear. In former times it seems to have behaved even worse, for old documents mention it sometimes as a lake, once as a swamp, once as a river, then as a stream, while others appear not to have known of its existence. 133

The country lying between Eisenstadt and Ödenburg, Mattersburg and Rust, is the real heart of the Province. The lake parishes of Oggau and Mörbisch and the small "free town" of Rust are far-famed for their wine. On the gabled roofs and the chimney-pots stand pensive storks, in the vaulted cellars lie the massive wine barrels. As far back as the year 1364 the inhabitants received royal permission to mark them with the coat-of-arms of Rust—a trade-mark protected by law nearly 600 years ago! 361 [424]

Leaving the delights of Oggauer and Ruster wines, let us turn to Eisenstadt, the city of Josef Haydn. 361 533

One does not need to be especially sensitive to atmosphere to feel the genius of the great master in this little town which is so closely united with the surrounding countryside. The tiny house where he lived is still standing. How

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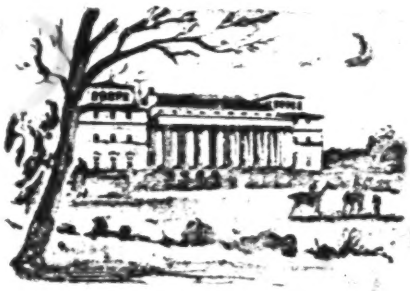

Esterházy Castle, Eisenstadt.